I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I (taking out that which you haue pild from me :
Which of you tremble not that looke on me ?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,
Yet that by you diſpoſd, you quake like rebels :
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?

Qu. Mar. But repitition of what thou haſt mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe :
A husband and a ſonne thou ow'eſt vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance :
The ſorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleaſures you vſurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curſe my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didſt Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy ſcorne drew riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'ſt the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland* :
His curſes then from biterneſſe of ſoule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iuſt is God to rite the innocent.

Haſt. O twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported,

Dorſ. No man but propheſied reuenge for it.

Buc. *Northumberland* then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Q. Mar. What ? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now on me ?
Did *Yorkes* dread curſe preuaile ſo much with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſt my woefull baniſhment,
Could all but anſwere for that peeuiſh brat ?
Can curſes pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen ;
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quicke curſes :
If not by warre, by ſurfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

Edward my ſonne, which now
For *Edward* my ſonne, which w
Died in his youth by like untim
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me tha
Out-liue thy glory, like my w
Long mayſt thou liue to waile
And ſee another, as I ſee thee
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art
Long dye thy happy dayes be
And after many lengthned hou
Dye neyther mother, wife, nor
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ſt
And ſo waſt thou Lord *Haſtin*
Was ſtabd with bloody dagge
That none of you, may liue yo
But by ſome vnlookt accident

Glo. Haue done thy charme

Q. Mar. And leaue out thee?

If heauen haue any grieuous p
Exceeding thoſe that I can wi
O let them keepe it till thy ſi
And then hurle downe their i
On thee the troubler of the po
The worme of conſcience ſtill
Thy friends ſuſpect for trayto
And take deepe traytors for t
No ſleepe cloſe vp the deadly
Vnleſſe it be whilſt ſome torm
Affrights thee with a hell of v
Thou eiuiſh markt, abortiue
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy n
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſ
Thou ſlander of thy mothers
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fath
Thou rag of honour, thou det

Glo. Margret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. Then cry thee mercy :

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